SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER

Little Folks

15 c. a copy

$1.50 a year

Something to do for Boys and Girls

S. E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS.

Owing to increased costs, price after Oct. 1, 1920, is $2.00 a year

Your Child's Health

Depends Upon Good Health Habits

ROBUST Good Health should be the heritage of every child; and to the parents, especially to the mother, falls the task of teaching her children personal habits that go far to assure it. Upon her is this responsibility. But mothers are busy folk. There are household cares, perhaps smaller children, and endless details that take up their time, so that the basic habits of good health are left more or less to the child.

Children Are Naturally Thoughtless

about these matters. They don't appreciate the vital importance of cleaning the teeth regularly. Constipation has no terror for them because they do not realize its bad consequences. Are you sure your child never skips a day without a bowel movement? Doctors say that Robust Good Health is practically impossible without habits of this kind.

FORTIFY YOUR CHILD AGAINST

Colds
Sore Throats
Headaches
Irritability
Toothaches
Children's Diseases
Epidemics

Robust Good Health Is the Best Safeguard

Protect Your Child By Thoroughly Establishing Good Health Habits

which, if formed when young, will go far toward laying the foundation for permanent good health. A child with these habits well formed need not fear the sicknesses and epidemics which go through the schools.

You Owe It To Your Child

to be sure that he or she has these necessary habits, well formed, and you can be sure that they are being so formed by using the **Children's Health Chart**. These charts are based on a $5,000-prize health code for children, written by William J. Hutchins of Oberlin College for the United States Bureau of Education. A child who keeps one of these charts each day is laying the foundation for life-long good health.

Children's Health Chart

For the sake of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, we have designed these Children's Health Charts. They are carefully planned so as to appeal to the child and keep him interested. As the child performs the different fundamental duties, he checks off, or colors with crayon the space on the chart allowed that duty for that day of the week. Each habit he is to acquire has a square for each of the seven days. At the end of the week Mother or Father rewards the child for a perfect chart. As these charts, reproduced from paintings by Clara M. Burd, are printed by the rubber offset process in eight soft, beautiful colors, they are very attractive and appeal to the child's natural love of the beautiful. The use of these charts for a few weeks will fasten good health habits onto a child so that they will last for life and establish a Robust Good Health that will defy sickness and disease.

Any Reader of Little Folks Can Get Them

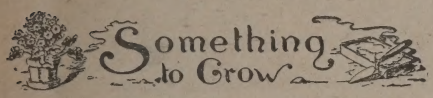
A set of twelve charts, enough for three months' use, will be sent for securing one new subscription to LITTLE FOLKS at $1.50, or by renewing your own subscription for a full year in advance of its present date of expiration and sending 25c extra to pay for mailing. The cash price for twelve is 50c.

S. E. CASSINO CO. Dept. L. F. SALEM, MASS.

Something to Read From the Editor

Dear Boys and Girls Who Read Little Folks:—I think you will enjoy taking your Little Folks to school this fall more than ever, not only so that other boys and girls can hear our good stories and learn our pretty verses, but so that you can all make together the delightful things in our Something To Do Department. I hope more of you will write to me and tell me which of the departments you like best. I think I like best this month our Something Special Page, and the Letter Bag. What do you like? Your loving

Editor.



SEPTEMBER GARDENING

PROBABLY not very many of you have thought of planting anything in your garden as late as September, but that is the month in which you can begin to get your garden ready for next spring. In September you can plant roots of larkspur, hollyhocks, phlox and peonies; you can plant crocus, snowdrops, and scilla, and pot narcissus, hyacinths and Easter lilies for winter blooming indoors.

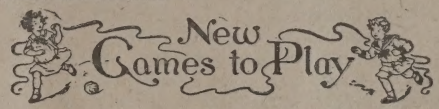
Now is a good time to "slip" geraniums and other plants, and to start a winter window-box. And in your vegetable garden, even as late as this, you can sow lettuce and radishes.

If you are going to plant snowdrop, scilla, crocus, glory-of-the-snow or spring snow-flake, the best time is early September, and the best place is not in a bed, but in the grass. But be sure first to get Father's or Mother's permission to plant them that way.

There are two ways of planting your little bulbs on the lawn. The first is the simplest—poke a hole four inches deep in the grass, set the bulb into the hole and cover over. If you repeat this all over your lawn, such a pretty surprise as you will have next spring.

The second way is a little more trouble, but the surprise will be pretty enough to make it worth-while. Dig up an irregular-shaped piece of sod, and then dig the soil underneath well with a trowel for a depth of three inches; level it and set the little bulbs on it, about four inches apart, with their noses sniffing up to the sky. Fill in around them with soil, and put back the piece of sod very nicely. Repeat this over the lawn. You do not have to plant bulbs of a kind together.

If you will leave your grass uncut until the leaves of your bulbs begin to fade, you will find them blooming every spring; but if you cut the grass, and cut off the leaves when they are still green, the bulbs will bloom only once.



HOW SOME TRICKS ARE DONE

THE Marvelous Walking Stick is the name of this trick, and it is as easy to do as it is mysterious to those who do not know how. First the magician sits down and holds an ordinary walking stick between his knees. He carelessly lets it fall, picks it up and holds it erect with his left hand while he makes mysterious passes over it with his right. After some difficulty it is seen to stand alone with neither hand touching it. To make this happen, tie a piece of black silk to the center of the stick, leaving the two ends free. Sew these ends beforehand to the inside seams of the magician's trousers at the knees. When the knees spread apart the cane easily stands alone.

The next trick sounds very difficult, but there is no magic about it, and your friends will have a good laugh when they see how easily you can do what sounds impossible. The trick is to suspend a cup from the ceiling by a string and to cut the string in the middle without letting the cup fall. To do this, tie a bow in the center of the string. Fasten one end of the string to the ceiling and the other end to the handle of the cup. By cutting the string in the center of the bow, the string will have been cut in the middle without letting the cup fall.

Then there is a simple card trick that people who do not know how to do will have a lot of trouble with, but which you can do with ease. It is the case of the obstinate card that will not blow over. Take an ordinary business card or piece of oblong cardboard. Bend the two ends of the card about a quarter of an inch at right angles to the card, thus forming an inverted U. Place this on a smooth table or tray and ask someone to blow it over. When everyone asked has failed, you blow sharply with your mouth close to the table and ten or twelve inches from the card. The card will turn over immediately.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 482)

Something From Far Away

The Letter Bag

Morelia, Mich., Mexico.

Dear "Little Folks":— Since my letter was published in the March number, I have received one hundred and ninety-eight letters, and they are still coming. It is great fun to receive so many letters but I will have to be a millionaire before I start to answer. You know missionaries are not rich, as they are always asking for more money. Morelia has a population of 40,000 and an altitude of more than 6,000 feet, surrounded entirely by mountains. How the trains come here is a mystery as there are no tunnels. There are twenty-eight Catholic churches of which one is a big, beautiful cathedral with fifteen big bells, a chapel in which the Baptists hold their services and our Presbyterian chapel. There are two big hardware stores owned by some Germans, and many dry goods and grocery stores owned by some Frenchmen. There is but one American man besides Father, and one American woman besides Mother. Street cars run through the principal streets. Street cars are made from old Fords and run fine. There are many parks. Those at each end of the city are the largest ones. One of the most interesting buildings is a museum. Then there are two market places. Market days are Sundays and Thursdays. There are many Aztec things in the museum—queer drawings, pottery, weapons and many idols. Morelia is about one hundred and thirty-five miles west of Mexico City. In the revolution here nothing has happened to or harmed us. Carranza was shot four days before I wrote this letter. I promise to answer many of my correspondents this summer and autumn and winter, but you must have patience, patience, patience and wait, wait, wait. I have received letters from every state in the Union except Maine, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Delaware. Most of them came from Michigan and states farther west.

Margaret Virginia Shelby.

Manila, P. I.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for only a few months, but I like you well. I have a little sister who is six years old. I am eleven and in the sixth grade. I wish some Little Folks readers would write to me and tell me about the things they do. I will write to them and tell them what we do here, and some interesting things, too. My address is P. O. Box 9, Manila, P. I. Lucille Vale.

St. Thomas, V. I.

Dear "Little Folks":—Some of the children who wrote to me wanted to know why the monkey was named Mona. I will tell you. 'Mona' is Spanish for monkey, and Mother calls her Mona Lisa, on account of her "smile." Others wanted to know why the dog was named Sausage; because he is a dachshund. and so long that Mother calls him Sausage. We have a cocoanut tree in our yard. Our home is on a hill and we can see the ships when they come in. The "Northern Pacific" came in June with General Pershing. There are two famous castles on St. Thomas, and their names are "Blue Beard" and "Black Beard." The first owners are supposed to have been pirates. My real home is in Virginia, but I have lived here for two years. I am sorry I could not answer all the letters you sent me, but there were over a hundred, and I just couldn't, much as I enjoyed them

Rebecca C. Lee.

Lenda Springs, Kans.

Dear "Little Folks":—I like you very much. The population of Lenda is about three hundred. Lenda Springs is a summer resort. The second best springs in the world are here. We have a noted doctor, Doctor Holt. Our school is a beautiful building. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. There are nine in our class. For pets I have a cat and a dog. I would like to have someone write to me.

Zola Mann.

Chingwantao, China.

Dear "Little Folks":—I like you very much. You are a great distraction to me, because, you see, Chingwantao is a very small place. There are only fifteen adults here, and for children there are only my brother, my three sisters, my self and two other little children of four and five; and as I am twelve, they are pretty young for me to play with. So I would like a little girl or boy in California to correspond with. My birthday is January 29, and I would also like to write to and receive news from any twin. I am planting my seeds now. We each have a little garden. There are lots of donkeys here and we go riding very often. We have pet rabbits and a pet cat called Tommy. I am French and I was born in France.

Cyrille Lebas.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 484)

CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1920

Something To Do Department
Something to Grow 481
New Games to Play 481
Something From Far Away 482
Something to Guess 484
Something to Collect 484
Something to Answer 484
Something to Write to Other Readers 484
Something to Join 486
Something to Look For Outdoors 488
Something Special For September 520
Things Other Boys and Girls Have Made..... 524

Frontispiece.....Dolly Deary.....490

A Friend For the Princess ....Mary S. Stover....491
Illustrated by Frances Kerr Cook

Wood Folk of Lone Lake, Chapter VI.....Allen Chaffee. 496
Illustrated by Peter Da Ru

School Days .....Edith Tillotson.....500

The Shell .....Mattie Lee Hausgen.....501
Illustrated by Decie Merwin

A Wise Child's Conclusions....M. J. Hammond....501

Somebody and the Princess....Margret Johnson....502
Illustrated by Edith Butler

The Queen Doll and the Little Tin Soldier.....
M. J. H. 504
Illustrated by Decie Merwin

Ted's Answer.....Martha B. Banks.....510

The Merry Americans, Chapter IX....Gertrude C. Warner 511
Illustrated by Violet M. Higgins

The Venturesome Fly.....Mary T. Williamson.....515
Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman

The Yellow-Capped Monkey, Chapter III....Sophie Swett 516
Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill

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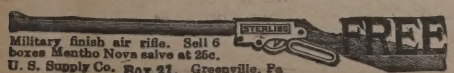

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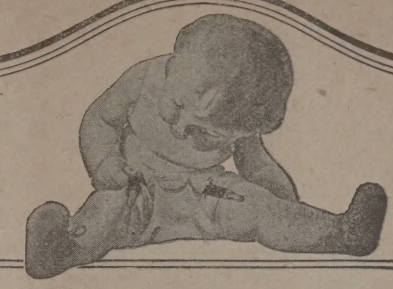

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holds the socks securely and allows the little one absolute freedom of action, so necessary to its health, growth and comfort. The highly nickeled parts of the "Baby Midget" have smooth, rounded corners and edges and they do not come in contact with the baby's skin.
Like the **Velvet Grip Hose Supporters** for **women, misses and children** it is equipped with the famous All-Rubber Oblong Button, which prevents slipping and ruthless ripping.
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SOLD EVERYWHERE OR SENT POSTPAID.
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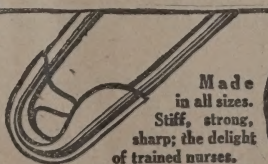
SAFETY—to the person and for the fabric pinned
Since the first safety pins were invented many improvements have made them still safer for the user. The safety of the fabric pinned was not considered—until the inventor of the "Capsheaf" made a safety pin without the coil spring which catches and tears clothing. Send 10c. for the sample dozen to 101 Franklin St., New York City. Use Capsheaf once and you will always use it.


Made in all sizes. Stiff, strong, sharp; the delight of trained nurses.
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Something to Guess

LOTS of boys and girls are sending in good conundrums and here are a few of them with their answers, so that you can ask your friends to guess them.

1. What is the easiest way to keep water out of the house? Omit to pay your tax.
2. What is it that every living person has seen, but will never see again? Yesterday.
3. What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and the water in a fountain. The Prince of Wales is heir to the throne, and the water in a fountain is thrown to the air.
5. What man mentioned in the Bible had no father? Joshua, the son of Nun.
6. What is it that by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? Noise.
7. Why is grass like a mouse? Because the cattle eat it (cat'll eat it).
8. Why is a four-quart measure like a lady's saddle? Because it holds a gal on (gallon).
9. Where do you go on your twelfth birthday? Into your thirteenth year.
10. Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark? On its head.
11. Which has eight legs, cow or no cow? No cow has eight legs.
12. Why is Ireland the richest of countries? Because its capital is always Dublin.

Something to Collect

Sibley, Ga.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have quite a collection of coins. The oldest I have were coined in 1811 and 1816. I have a coin that has a picture of Kaiser Wilhelm on it, and around the edges it says, "Gott mit uns."

Aurelia Tossini.

Savannah, Ga.

Dear "Little Folks":—I would like to have some children who live in coast states send me some shells as I am collecting them. My address is 202 Gwinnett St. West.

Alida Harper.

Walla Walla, Wash.

Dear "Little Folks":—I will tell you how to fix leaves for a collection. First select the prettiest leaves you can find. Then run a very hot iron over a piece of paraffine and then over each leaf. The paraffine will make the leaves shine, and you can use them whenever you want. It is best to put the leaves in a book to get real dry.

Lola Hunt.

The editor suggests that you make collections of leaves from the various kinds of trees and shrubs that grow in your locality. These can be fastened into a loose-leaf note-book, with the name printed beneath, and would make a most interesting collection.

Something to Answer

CAN you answer all these questions? Can your friends? Now the Answer Editor has asked two questions she herself can't answer; but you can!

The answers to the first five questions won't be printed in Little Folks, but the Answer Editor hopes you will try to find out for yourself what the right answers are. If you cannot find out, and really want to know, write to her, enclosing a 2c. stamp, and she will tell you.

1. What do the birds do down south?
2. Can a starfish swim?
3. Do rocks grow?
4. Where does snow come from?
5. What are teeth made of?

And now we come to the nicest part—a Find-Out Contest. Each month the Answer Editor will ask you a question, and she will give a book to the child who sends in the best answer. Answers should not be over 200 words long, and *must not* be copied from an encyclopedia. It is easy to copy words from an encyclopedia, you know, but we do not always understand what we copy. You may look things up in books, but you must not copy what the book says. Say it in your own words. Answers to this question must reach the Answer Editor by August 5th. The prize-winning answer will be printed. Here is the question: What is forestry?

Something to Write to other Readers

CORRESPONDENCE REQUESTS

Amanda Brown, Ewan, N. J., would like to hear from a little girl in Va., and the N. E. states.

Martha Mae Hurst, 426 Fifth St., E., would like to hear from a nine-year old girl in the Philippines.

Virginia Johnson, 1018 Vermont Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C., would like to hear from anyone in Japan or the U. S.

Helen Smith, 904 S. Hohman St., would like to hear from a little girl ten years old in N. Y. City.

Ruth Hohman, 35 Mason St., Hammond, Ind., would like to hear from a ten year old girl in China.

Eleanor Poppee, 1115 Huntoon St., Topeka, Kans., would like to hear from any Little Folks readers anywhere.

Billy Doll, eight years old, would like to hear from a boy in some foreign country or the American islands. Billy lives at 509 Maple Ave., Grafton, West Virginia.

Dorothy Flood, 1215 Madison St., Syracuse, N. Y., would like to receive letters from little girls in Canada. Dorothy is nine years old.

Katharine Cummings, eleven years old, Box 666, Sheridan, Wyoming, would like a letter from Japan, written in Japanese. She has a Japanese friend who would read it to her.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 486)

All this jewelry is yours for selling only six Boxes Mentho Nova Salve at 25c. Wonderful for catarrah, cuts, burns, influenza, etc. When sold return $1.50 and and all five pieces are yours. We give musical instruments, phonographs, watches, dishes, sweaters, etc. Order 6 boxes today.

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THIS AIR RIFLE FREE

for selling 12 pckgs. Bluine at 15c. a pckg. Rifle first-class in every way. When sold return our $1.80 and we will send rifle, all postage prepaid.

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"SAIL-ME" AEROPLANE 25c.

This great new indoor sport! Fun by the hour! Simple to operate.

No springs, strings or rubbers to break. **Boys and Girls— Just the Aeroplane You've Wanted!**

Flies like a bird in any room without harm to itself or furniture. Does all the acrobatic stunts of an expert aviator. A patented miniature aeroplane—scientific, practical and attractive. Be first! Sent prepaid upon receipt of 25c, money order. Free circular on request.

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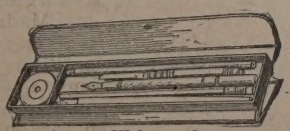

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Hurry up, now, and get one for your youngster. After the first trial trip across the porch, you'll say that it brought more pure, unadulterated joy into his life than any toy he ever had.

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It's stamped right on the seat where you can easily see it.

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The wheels are solid pieces of hard maple and there are two of them in front to prevent upsets. The seat is a single piece of selected basswood.

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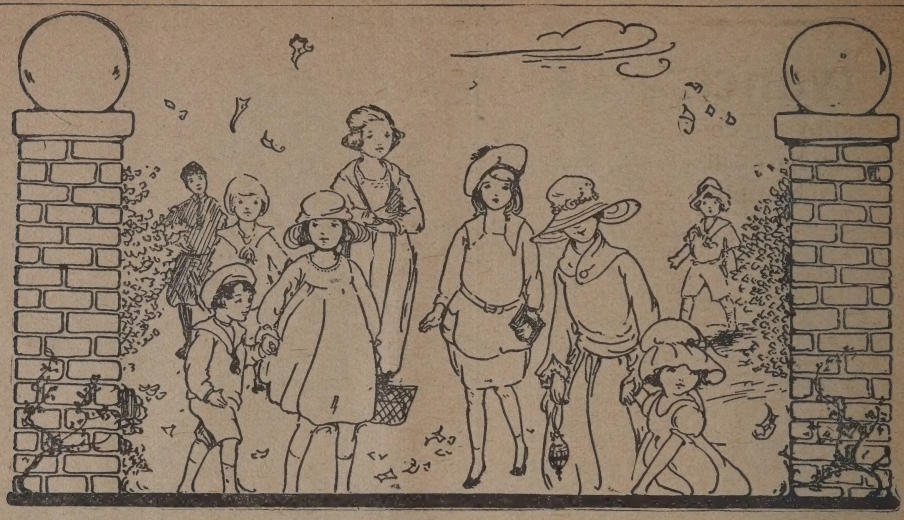

SOMETHING TO JOIN

LITTLE FOLKS' HOME GUARD

BOB was running upstairs and down in the little grey house, and Peggy's feet sounded almost as light as the rustle of wings as she went skipping from room to room, with Maysie tagging happily at her heels.

"What's up, children dear?" I asked as I came into the house. I had been out in the glare of the sunny street, and the house looked so cool and sweet that I wanted to sit right down and enjoy it and not go skipping around the place like a dancing fairy.

"Getting ready for *school* to-morrow!" Peggy answered, brightly. "We are going to be weighed and 'xamined all over, and our teeth looked at and everything to see if we are all right and ready for school!"

"I'm not afraid of that!" Robin laughed, "for if we can get by good Mother Grey I know we are all right for school!"

I laughed, too, for I knew that Robin was right; and careful Mother Grey had been having them eat, and sleep, and bathe and brush their teeth just right for such a long time that by now they must be good and strong. If it wasn't for good mothers, I don't know what school teachers would do, and I just know that the teachers are glad when good mothers send them children who are clean and strong and happy!

Robin came in with a milk bottle under his arm and a frown on his face.

"Now what's the trouble?" I asked him, when I saw the frown.

"I'm going to get Mother Grey to let me take a bottle of milk to school every morning," he said.

"What for, you big, strong boy?" I asked him.

"For little Mike Murphy," Robin said, "because he is ever so much underweight, and I know they haven't a cow and can't afford enough milk."

"Good boy, Robin," I said, "and you don't know how glad your auntie is to see you begin friendly with your school-mates. A friendly child is a wonderful helper to make a good school, and I know the teachers are always glad to have friendly children for their pupils."

Peggy came through the room again just then and as she was holding a paper in her hand I asked her what it was.

"It's a little poem I have written for the Home Guard Club," Peggy answered. "There are ever so many children on our street who haven't been to school at all, and our Home Guard Club is trying to help them get ready to start to school so they'll love it and won't be afraid, or anything like that."

"Might I see the poem?" I asked her next, for I always enjoy Peggy's poetry, even when it isn't very smooth. It shows what a kind little heart she has.

"Why, yes," Peggy said happily. "I had just brought it in to show you if you wanted to see it. You see, it's this way, Auntie Frances; there are six of our little Home Guarders on this street who are just old enough to start to school, to-morrow, and we wanted to make it a happy time for them, and —and so I made up a little poem on their names so that it would spell SCHOOL."

"That was a clever thing to do, Peg," I said, and then I read the poem. It was even better than I expected it to be, and so I am going to put it in for you to read and think about.

S-weet little Sally went to school
To learn to mind the teacher's rule.
C-areful Carrie also went
To learn what Ed-u-ca-tion meant.
H-andsome Henry, too, was there
To learn the games and play them fair.
O-lga and Ollie, twins so sweet,
Are coming, too, all clean and neat.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 488)

Advanced Prices For Magazines

Owing to the constantly increasing price of labor and materials, many magazines which have hitherto maintained the lowest possible rates have been obliged to raise their subscription prices. The clubbing rates offered are the lowest obtainable. Renew now. No prices can be guaranteed for long.

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TO MAKE UP A LIST OF MAGAZINES

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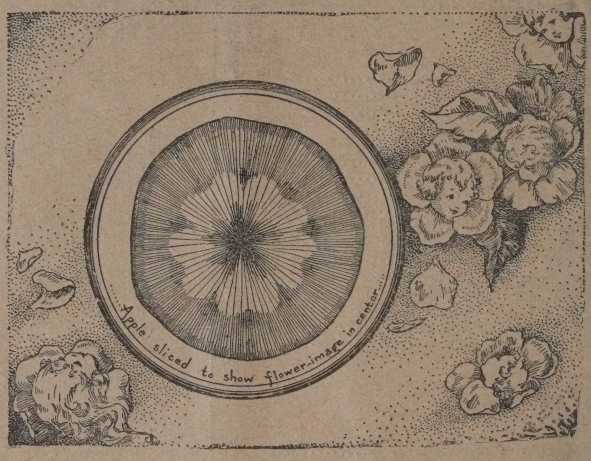
LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, - - - - - SALEM, MASS.

SOMETHING TO LOOK FOR OUTDOORS

MOTHER NATURE'S FAIRY BLOSSOMS

ONE fair spring day, when the sun was so bright, the air so clear, and the wind so warm that everything should have been joyful, Mother Nature heard a sound of sighing. At first she thought it was the Pine Trees, but they were only murmuring happily together. Then she thought it might be the Little Grasses. But no, it wasn't the little grasses; they were only whispering happily together, it was so wonderful to be growing where they could see the sun. Could it be Babbling Brook? No, Babbling Brook was fairly dancing with glee!



Finally Mother Nature noticed that the sighing sounded louder as she drew near the Apple Tree, and hastening nearer still she saw that all the lovely Apple Blossoms were quite pale with grief.

"My dear children," she cried, "whatever is the matter?"

So one little Blossom, braver than the others, told her their trouble. Soon their pink petals would fall upon the ground like snow, and their loveliness be forgotten. Later, when winter came and the fine red apples were gathered, no one would think of the fair blossoms which had fallen in order that the fruit might grow.

When the story was finished, Mother Nature smiled so kindly that all the Apple Blossoms blushed with pleasure until they were quite pink again.

"Do not sigh any longer, my dears," she said. "You shall not vanish forever. True, your petals will fall, but I will cause your images to live on in the heart of the fruit, to grow as it grows, until each large, ripe apple holds a perfect blossom in its heart. There you shall live again in all your fragrance and sweetness, making the fruit a pleasure of winter as you now make the tree a pleasure of spring."

And now, you who read this, may see for yourselves the delicate figure of the apple-blossom which is hidden within the fruit. With a sharp knife, cut through the middle of the apple, horizontally, so that you have a round slice, a scant quarter-inch in thickness. Hold this up to the light and see the flower, with its five petals spread evenly like a lovely rosette. Thus the flower lives again in the fruit.

Josephine Ames Baker

SOMETHING TO JOIN

(Continued from page 486)

O-n time, on time they'll always go,
'Twill make their teachers love them so.
L-ittle Letty, sweet and dear,
Makes just one more to answer "Here!"

I am glad that Peggy got me started to thinking about school, because September is the time when so many of you will be starting back, or maybe coming for the first time. School is a nice friendly place if you are friendly and kind and make it so.

Our little Jean Henry is going to school over in France and he is learning to write the nicest little letters. Some of these days we'll put his letters into our Home Guard story so that you can read them for yourselves. Of course, he writes them in French, but we'll tell you what they mean in English.

When you get back to school, please don't forget that you are going to be *friendly* and *kind* and do your very best to make your school a good school. I am going to give you a little School Pledge to sign and paste in your Home Guard books to keep and remember. Robin and Peg and Maysie have all signed it, and they say they are going to do their best to keep it. Thank you every one for all the nice list of Baby names that you have sent me, and let's hope that every one of these blessed babies will grow up and get to be a good Home Guard member.

If you want a Home Guard pin, you may have one for five cents.

Here is our School Pledge:

I will be kind and friendly at school and try to make my school better because I am there.

Name .....

Street .....

Town and State .....

(Something To Do Department continued on page 520)

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXIII SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER, 1920 No. 11

A FRIEND FOR THE PRINCESS

By MARY S. STOVER

Illustrations by FRANCES KERR COOK

"LISTEN! Come listen to the strange thing I have heard!" Neil waved his red cap high and shouted till all the children in this part of the beautiful park came running to him.

Neil's father was one of the king's guards, and Neil sometimes brought news of a grand procession from the palace. Then the children would go skipping across the grass to watch it. For you must know that this park was a portion of the king's own grounds where every child in the city had permission to play upon the thick green grass under the old trees.

"Is it a procession, Neil?" "Should we go over to the other side of the park to watch for the soldiers to come riding down the avenue?"

Neil shook his head. He was so full of pride in the crowd he had drawn about him that it was a whole minute before he would tell them the wonderful news.

"Somebody from the palace is coming to watch our play this morning. Somebody who will choose one boy, or girl, to be the special playmate of the princess.

"Think what an honor that will be!" said Neil impressively.

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"HOW FORTUNATE IT IS THAT I BROUGHT DOLL ROSALIE"

"The child who is chosen will have all sorts of lovely things to play with and to eat. Probably he'll have ice-cream and candy and nuts every single day!"

"Ho, ho! You needn't think it will be any boy, Neil Tallant," scoffed Helen. "Of course, it will be a girl that the court messenger chooses. Some girl that knows many games and that can sew and knit, for I'm sure the princess loves dressing dolls as well as anyone else.

"How fortunate it is that I brought doll Rosalie and my sewing bag today. I shall sit under this very tree and sing the old songs my Granny taught me, while I make beautiful new clothes for my dolly."

The other children decided to play games as usual, but everybody kept thinking of the court messenger who was to watch them. More than one child wondered how he or she could please the strange grown-up visitor. For it would be a happy

"SEE THAT STRANGE LITTLE GIRL SITTING ALONE"

thing to become the playmate of sweet Princess Margaret.

"Look, there he is! I know it must be that man in the fine blue and silver coat," whispered one child after another as they caught sight of a tall, handsome man who had taken his place nearby.

After that the children took special pains to play every game they knew and to be very polite and graceful as they made their bows or circled about in the quaint old folk-games that the king admired.

"See that strange little girl sitting alone under the large oak tree," whispered Esther, when they circled about for the last time in the prettiest game of all. "Don't you think she would like to play with us?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Claire. "She isn't any child I ever saw before. Maybe she ever saw before. Maybe she Helen had better put a little stone on those doll clothes if she wants to leave them spread around so. Mr. Wind would love to send them flying far away."

"I'll tell her as I go by," said Esther. She showed Helen how

"DON'T YOU WANT TO COME AND PLAY WITH US?" SHE ASKED

to make her dainty things safe from mischievous Mr. Wind, then she ran on to the shy looking little stranger under the broad-limbed old oak.

"Don't you want to come and play with us?" she asked with a friendly smile.

"Oh, yes, yes! Those are lovely games, and the children all play together so well. I never played with other children much because I have been sick," said the child in a sweet, low voice.

They clasped hands and ran skipping across the grass to where the children were forming a circle for another game. The strange little girl's eyes were bright with delight and expectation.

But the children did not want her to play with them.

"Don't you see it would spoil everything, Esther?" pouted Maud. "She doesn't know one of our games, and she'd be so awkward! Some other day we would not mind having her join the play, but this time it is important for us to have everything done beautifully."

"I'd almost as soon sit under this bigger tree and watch you," whispered the little stranger, but her lips quivered and Esther knew that she was hurt to be left out.

"We can sit under that tree and play by ourselves." Esther put her warm little arm close around the stranger girl and drew her toward the friendly old tree. "I know lots of games that it needs only two to play. Just think, we haven't told each our names yet! Mine is Esther."

"Father calls me Meg," said the stranger girl shyly. "Can two play any of those games where you sing? I'd love to learn a singing game."

"We can play the very one they are starting now," said Esther.

They sat down facing one another and played the game over and over till the new girl had the words by heart.

"How pleased my father will be when I tell him I know it all!" she cried, clapping her thin hands joyously together.

"Are you not getting tired, your Highness! Shall we return now?" asked somebody near them.

"AREN'T YOU GETTING TIRED, YOUR HIGHNESS?"

Esther stared straight up into the face of the tall, handsome man in the blue and silver coat! He seemed to be speaking to Meg!

"Yes, I am ready now, if you will drive by Esther's house," she said. "I must ask her mother if Esther may be my playmate every single day. I am glad that my father allowed me to choose my own playmate. I couldn't love any of those children as I do Esther. She is so sweet and patient."

"It's Princess Margaret! Esther discovered the princess! They will play together every day!" cried the children, who had all come trooping after the man in the blue and silver coat.

Princess Margaret put her arm around Esther's neck and drew her down to whisper something. "*You* are to call me Meg," she said, "because we're friends."

SOFTLY, SOFTLY, HE SWOOPED ABOVE HER

WOOD FOLK OF LONE LAKE

BY ALLEN CHAFFEE

Author of "Twinkly Eyes," etc.

(Illustrations by Peter Da Ru)

CHAPTER VI.—THE PEACE MAKER

LITTLE could Twinkly Eyes, the little black bear, foresee how the night was to end, as he crouched flat on an overhanging limb, where he could peer through the new young leaves at what went on in Lone Lake.

From his airy perch he could see straight into the nests of the little brown-black ducks, who had chosen this quiet cove for the fish and wild rice, and the pond-lily pads,—and because there were no muskrats near.

This evening they were searching the muddy bottom for snails and caddis worms. They looked so comical, as they stretched their heads down beneath the water, with their tails tipped straight up into the air. Between dives, they quack-

quack-quacked, everyone talking at once, as they spattered along the surface of the water, half flying and half running.

Suddenly the old drake, who was on the look-out, announced the approach of a hawk, and they rose obliquely through the air, their wings whistling in the wind. It was amazing how swiftly they climbed the sky, that is, the drakes did. Their mates stayed bravely on their nests among the reeds, to keep the grey-green eggs warm, trusting to their quiet plumage to keep them hidden.

These leafy nests, Twinkly Eyes could see, were lined with something soft and white; but it was not until the hawk had passed and been forgotten, and he saw a little brown mother plucking the soft, downy feathers from her own warm breast that he knew from what the lining was made.

Twinkly watched the anxious little mother for awhile, then allowed his eyes to rove farther inshore. Mercy! What was that? Inside a hollow stump on the bank beneath his hiding place, hidden by the tall flag lilies and bulrushes, a mother mink had a cozy nest. At first Twinkly thought she must be a snake. Then he made out her long furry brown body, with its narrow pointed head and flat little ears.

He wondered if the little brown duck could know!

Presently she went frog-hunting, and he could see that her feet were partly webbed, which made it easy for her to swim. Then there was a rustling of the grass stems that Twinkly knew was a meadow mouse, and he was just about to drop down on it when Madame Mink leapt soundlessly from the water and began chasing it through its narrow run-way in the grass.

Now, as it happened, Whoo-Whoo, the great gray owl, was also after that mouse. Madame Mink, in the grassy tunnel, did not see the shadowy shape come winging towards them, and, of course, she couldn't even hear the teeniest sound, because an owl makes no sound at all when he flies.

And Whoo-Whoo's great yellow eyes gleamed hungrily.

Softly, softly he swooped above her, his feet dangling, claws spread ready to grab her. He could catch a mouse any night, but mink was a rare treat.

Swiftly he dropped to the ground and raked the runway with his murderous foot. But Madame Mink was not there. For at that very instant the tunnel had twisted down under-ground, and she had followed Mr. Meadow Mouse into the dark labyrinth.

(A labyrinth, you know, is a mysterious path that winds and twists and turns, this way and that, in the most confusing manner.)

And that is just what Mr. Meadow Mouse had been racing for. If his pursuer had been even the size of a fox, it would have been too large to follow.

Not so with Madame Mink. Her long, lithe body simply wriggled around each turn almost as easily as did his stubby one. No siree, Madame Mink was not to be kept out by any hole large enough to hide a rat!

Quite as if she knew that the owl still waited for her to poke her nose outside, she had no sooner finished with the mouse than she darted back along the tunnel to the water's edge and dove beneath the surface, where the owl could not follow. And there she waited, nose just barely above water, till Whoo-Whoo gave it up and went in pursuit of a rabbit.

So far Twinkly's sympathies had been with the mink. But he was soon to change his opinion of her. For no sooner had the wicked little creature made sure the owl was gone than she sneaked into the duck's nest, which Brownie had left just that moment while she dove for a clam.

When the poor little mother came back, her fourteen eggs were smashed, and Madame Mink's brown whiskers were stained with egg yolk.

Twinkly Eyes was positively glad when he saw an otter make a V-shaped ripple on the moonlit water, then creep out on the bank and dash straight along the musky scented trail that Madame Mink had made as she went home to her stump.

But the Madame was not to be caught napping that way. Darting over the rim of the stump, she leapt into the nearest tree—the very one Twinkly Eyes was in—and from that to another whose branches interlaced till they formed an aerial

bridge. And there she showed her kin-ship to the skunk by emitting such a dreadful odor that the otter made up his mind he didn't want mink for supper after all.

"So far so good," thought Twinkly Eyes.

But hark! The otter, deprived of his mink, had made a

WITH ONE MIGHTY SPLASH HE DROPPED INTO THE WATER

dash at the little brown duck, who stood sadly looking over her ruined nest, to see if there wasn't at least one of the pretty gray-green eggs left for her to raise into a duckling.

This was too much for the little black bear. A gleam of mischief crept into his eyes. With one mighty splash he dropped into the water, sending the otter, terrified, to the other end of the lake, and scaring even the little duck he had saved.

Around on the other side of Lone Lake a very different scene was taking place. Just across the neck of the lake from the chestnut tree, which Lotor and his family occupied, lived another family of raccoons. They were Twinkly's cousins, too, were Ringtail and Mrs. Ringtail.

Lotor had not known it when he moved, else he could have guessed that the fishing grounds might be claimed by someone else. As it was, no sooner had he and his bride begun fishing from the great pine log that here formed a bridge out into the water, drifting gently with one end moored by its up-turned roots to the bank, than there was an angry whinnying from a rock ledge just across the way.

Now Lotor had gone on a hunting trip with Ringtail, the autumn before. They had been two of a merry band that had raided the corn-field down at the Valley Farm. They had been the best of friends. But this was different.

"These are *my* fishing grounds," Lotor began, "I got here first." And he really thought he had.

"You did not!"

"Well, you don't own the lake."

"We own this corner of it, anyway."

And the first thing Twinkly knew, the four were fairly making each other's fur fly.

Suddenly his eyes twinkled more than ever. Taking a high dive from an over-hanging limb, he splashed straight into the midst of the melee.

Alas, for the fate of the peace-maker! He stopped the quarrel—for the time, at least—but all four raccoons turned on him, too furious to know who it was they were fighting!

(To be continued)

SCHOOL DAYS

THE SHELL

BY MATTIE LEE HAUSGEN

ONCE this was some small creature s house!
Now fairies live here, still as mouse!
I listen; maybe they will tell
Shell's secret—where the mermaids dwell!

A WISE CHILD'S CONCLUSION

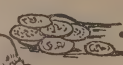
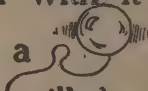
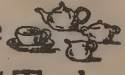
MUCH better it is to be happy,
You're so much more apt to be good,
For they who feel sad and ill-treated—
How can they behave as they should?

But who can do wrong when he's happy,
And who can do wrong when he's bright?
To keep the folks happy is really
The best way to make them do right!

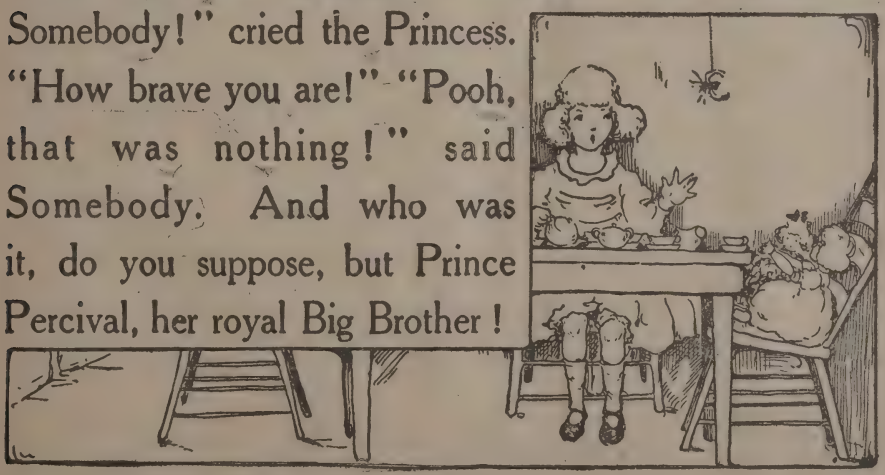
Maria Johns Hammond

Somebody and the Princess

XI

CLINK, clink! the Lord Chancellor was in his counting-room, opening his money- and counting out his  . When he saw the peeping in at the , he picked out the very brightest he could find and gave it to her. Clink, clink! the played with her and spun it like a and then she went down with it to the Palace . "I will buy a  ," she said. But no went by. "I will buy a ," she said. But no went by. "I will buy a plum-bun," she said. And a little went by with a full of and the bought the very biggest and plummiest one. "Now we will have  out in the royal summer-house!" she cried. "To be sure, your Royal Highness dear," said the first . So they dressed the hundred and seventeen and took them down to the royal summer-house, and the and the little gold and the cream and the sugar. "But we have forgotten the !" cried the first Maid

of Honor, and away she ran back to the Palace to get the . And while she was gone, a great big black came spinning down from the ceiling right over the middle of the ! Dear, dear, what could the do! The tall guards were too far away to call and if she ran back to the Palace, the would come right down on the and frighten poor Araminta. Down, down he came, spinning! But trippity-trip! Somebody was coming up the path, Somebody with a tennis- under his arm and his in his royal trousers-pockets. And he jumped right in at the summer-house and caught the on his and shook it out of the and it ran away so fast, it never was heard of again, and and the tea and the were all safe. "Oh, you dear Somebody!" cried the Princess. "How brave you are!" "Pooh, that was nothing!" said Somebody. And who was it, do you suppose, but Prince Percival, her royal Big Brother!



THE QUEEN DOLL AND THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

BY M. J. H.

PROUDLY THE GOLDEN-HAIRED BEAUTY SAT IN HER ROYAL CARRIAGE

YEARS and years before, his great-grandfather had been a very handsome soldier, in a scarlet coat, and shining gold braid. And his father had been the captain of the King's Own Company!

He was only a little tin soldier—and one little leg was gone. That wasn't his fault! Bobby, his small owner, had been very rough with him, and one day, when the poor little soldier was too tired and miserable to stand at attention, like the rest of the soldier-line, Bobby had grown very angry, and without even asking the little soldier what the trouble was, had flung him into a dark corner of the nursery. And there he had been ever since.

Now just opposite the dark, quiet corner where the one-legged soldier waited, day after day, for someone to come and get him, stood a beautiful carriage, all white and shining. It was the stately carriage of Her Ladyship, the French Doll. She was the Queen of the Nursery, and Midget, Bobby's little sister, loved her dearly. Oh, so proudly, the golden-haired beauty of Doll Land sat in the pillows and robes of her royal carriage! And oh, how the little tin-soldier, humbly watching her from his dark corner by the door, envied her and wished he dared even to speak to her!

But he didn't dare, and so he just lay there, trying to hide his ugly little one-leg, and pretend to himself that he was a very

handsome, dashing soldier, with a gleaming sword, and glittering golden tassels on his hat; and that the pretty little French-Doll-Queen was his friend, and was sitting beside him in a fairy bower of flowers and greenness, listening in wide-eyed and breathless admiration to his tales of battles fought and won, and fierce enemies overthrown. While the little tin-soldier pretended, and the little Queen Doll sat in state in her royal carriage, the days went by.

They were strange days for the little folk of Toyland whose home was the big sunny nursery. Neither Bobby nor Midget had been in the nursery for a long while. Each day the scattered playthings stopped their chattering among themselves

BOBBY AND MIDGET RUSHED INTO THE ROOM, BOTH VERY MUCH EXCITED ABOUT SOMETHING.

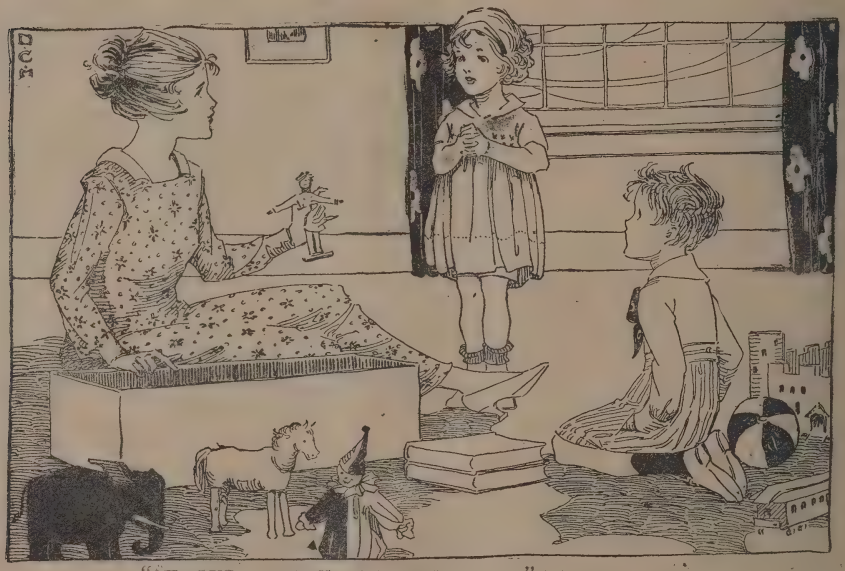
to listen for a sound of the voices of the children that they loved. But no one came near them.

Deep down in his little tin heart, the one-legged soldier was glad that no one came to the nursery, for he was very much afraid that, some day, Midget would take it into her sunny little head to move the carriage of the Queen Doll and then he would lose the only friend he had—or, at least, pretended to have.

One afternoon, while the toys were all quietly resting, tak-

ing their afternoon naps, and while the dusty little soldier was still pretending all sorts of wonderful things about himself and the Queen Doll, the nursery door burst open and struck the wall with a bang. The beady-eyed Teddy Bear uttered a squeak of surprise. What could be the matter!

Bobby and Midget rushed into the room, both very much excited about something, and very much out of breath. Behind them came Mother, with a long wooden box. The toys heaved a sigh of relief. So it was "pick-up" time again! Every so often, Mother came with the box, and all the stray balls, and



"OH, BUT MUMMY, NOT GWENDOLYN," MIDGET BEGGED.

Teddys and soldiers and forts were gathered from their scattered resting-places and piled in the big box. But the toys were mistaken, for it wasn't "pick-up" time after all!

"Mummy," Bobby clutched an armful of bright little cars and wagons, the kind that wind up and travel all around the room. "Don't you think the little Russians would like these?"

"The little Russians!" The toys lay very still; they were just a little frightened. Could it be possible that they were going to be sent away over the ocean to Russia?

"Just the thing, Sonny," Mother replied, and promptly, the

cars and wagons dropped into the big wooden box.

And then: "Sonny," Mother hesitated a moment, "don't you think some little boy would love to have a set of tin soldiers that stand up, and one of your forts, too?" You have so many!"

Silence in the nursery. For Bobby did so love those soldiers, and he hated to give them up. He knew very well just how happily some little Russian boy's eyes would shine when the little red-jacketed soldiers, straight and splendid in their shining tin cases with guns shouldered and hands at salute, when the big surprise package was unwrapped in far-away Russia.

WHEN MIDGET PICKED UP THE ROBE THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER WENT WITH IT

A heavy sigh from Bobby—"I guess you're right, Mother! Throw 'em in the box." And the dozen members of the King's Own Regiment rattled on the wooden bottom,—no, not the dozen, only eleven, for one of them lay hidden in a dark corner.

And then Midget called out from the other side of the room, "Oh, Mother, here are a lot of old dolls and clothes I won't want, and picture books—and—yes, I'll send this Teddy, too!"

The little one-legged soldier, secure in his hiding place, caught his breath. Then they aren't going to send the Queen Doll away, after all! His little tin heart beat harder with the new hope. But again, the soldier's dream was shattered.

Mother said, "But Midget, Brother gave his new soldiers, don't you want to give something that you *especially* like?" And mother's eyes turned toward the Queen Doll, straight and smiling in her royal carriage.

"Oh, but Mummy, *not* Gwendolyn," Midget begged.

The little tin soldier smiled to himself. So her name was Gwendolyn—almost as pretty as herself!

"But Midget," Mother persisted, "you have so many dolls, and next Christmas, Santa Claus will bring you another big doll, I'm sure. Besides, I thought the Juniors were all going to give up something that they liked very much."

Another silence, and the heart of the little soldier beat so loudly with fright at the thought of losing the Queen Doll, that it is a wonder the little girl standing so close to him didn't hear it. But she didn't, and so the cruel blow fell on the lonely little hero with one tin leg. "All right, Mother, pack Gwendolyn, too."

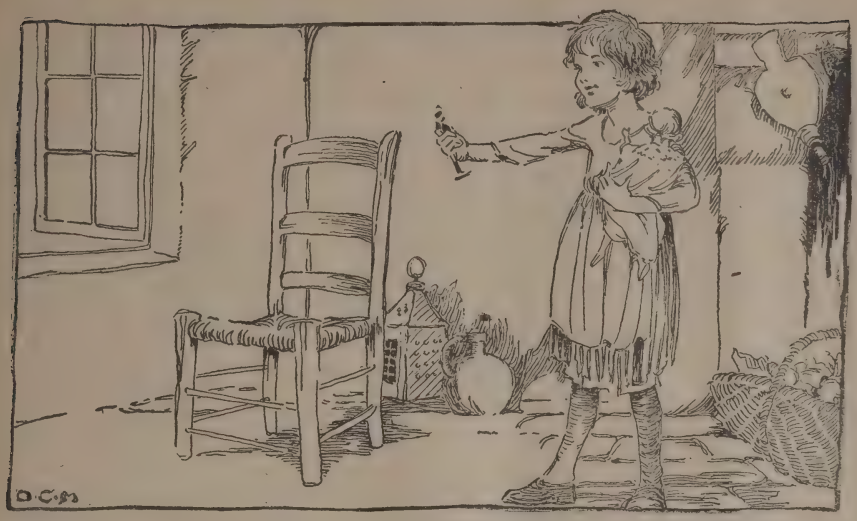
The little tin soldier gave a loud, pleading cry. "Oh please, please don't take her away. She's the only friend I have in the world!"

This time the little soldier was sure that Midget heard him, for she suddenly turned and looked down where he lay. Then he begged once more, "Please don't take her—or else take me with her."

"Oh look, Mummy, here's Gwendolyn's robe! How did it ever get way back here in the dust?" Midget stooped and jerked it quickly from the floor. But not quickly enough for the little tin soldier to miss his chance. That robe, long forgotten, had been the only bit of softness the poor little fellow had ever known. His little tin head had rested upon it until his wire tassel had gotten itself all mixed up in the soft, stitched wool. When Midget picked up the robe, the little tin soldier went with it, clinging desperately to its folds.

Then the miracle happened. The robe was wrapped snugly about the Queen Doll, and the one-legged soldier felt himself softly dropped right into the sweet, pink lap of his beloved little lady. Being very little, and very thin, the soldier weighed scarcely anything, and the little Queen Doll never felt the light burden resting on her beautiful dress.

So they went to Russia, to a far-away city where hundreds of little girls and boys waited for the big ship that they had heard was on the way to them from America, sent by the American boys and girls, the Red Cross Juniors. On the ship, so the Red Cross people in Russia told them, were warm little



'WHY HE LOOKS JUST LIKE THE SOLDIERS BROTHER IVAN WAS WITH!"

suits and dresses, good things to eat, books, toys, and all sorts of things that delight the hearts of little folk.

All that time, the little tin soldier, with his one little leg, rested happily in the lap of the beautiful Queen Doll. Until, one day, a great many days later, after the long trip across the ocean was ended, some men came in to move the big box in which all the toys were snugly packed, and as the box was turned, the robe slipped from the Queen Doll. Then she saw him, a worn little soldier, in a scratched tin jacket that had once been red, and with only one little twisted leg.

The brave little soldier looked up at the beautiful Queen Doll, and the pleading in his eyes touched her warm little heart, for the Queen Doll had the warmest sort of a heart, in spite of her haughty looks and stately manner.

"Where did you come from?" she asked in a puzzled tone, but her smile was sweet, and her voice was kind.

All the dreams of happiness the little tin soldier had ever had, came true. The beautiful Queen Doll had spoken to him, had *smiled* at him! He told her, oh so humbly, who he was, and how he had watched her, and had pretended that she was his friend. When he had finished, something warm rolled swiftly over his little tin cheek, and though he couldn't see it—

for one never does really see them—he knew that it was a doll-tear. Gwendolyn's stiff little hand reached out and gently laid itself upon his scratched red jacket. Then, being very tired, and very happy, the little one-legged soldier fell asleep. This time, his dreams were *not pretended,* for the Queen Doll held the weary fighter gently; she knew that once he must have been a hero.

When they reached Russia, a dear little girl, with big, sad eyes, gave a gasp of delight as the beautiful Queen Doll was put into her arms, and close against the ragged little dress of her new owner, the precious Gwendolyn was held. The little soldier was held, too, for Gwendolyn never once let go of him!

When Gwendolyn's new mistress discovered him, the little tin soldier was made even happier than ever, for the little girl looked at his shabby little self, and said in a tone of great surprise, "Why, he looks just like the soldiers brother Ivan was with."

He was only a little tin soldier but he understood her words, and drew himself up as straight as possible.

The Queen Doll looked at him with pride and whispered, "I knew you were a hero!"

TED'S ANSWER

"DO I like to go to bed?" laughed Ted,
With a roguish toss of his tousled head;
"Yes, I dearly like to go," he said—
"Down to the blackberry bed.

"And I like to get up, too," said he,
With another knowing nod at me;
"I like to get up early, you see—
Into the apple-tree."

Martha Burr Banks

THE MERRY AMERICANS

BY GERTRUDE CHANDLER WARNER

CHAPTER IX.—THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

"I WONDER IF YOU GIRLS WOULD BE WILLING TO LEARN HOW TO MAKE IT?"

MOTHER and Father sat side by side in the Grand Opera House. Father had on his beautiful evening clothes, and Mother, her best blue dress with silver lace. But they sat way up in the highest gallery, because Father had been too late to get tickets. Italian people were everywhere. A black-eyed Italian girl in a red dress sat beside Father. A tall black-eyed Italian woman in a green dress sat beside Mother. And just in front of them, sat two black-eyed Italian girls just about as old as Betsey.

That made Mother think of Betsey, who was fast asleep at home, just as she should be at nine o'clock.

"Really, Father," said Mother, "I don't know what to do about the children's next Good American lesson."

"What is it about?" asked Father.

"Kindness," replied Mother.

"Well, sure enough," agreed Father, "I'm sure both our Merry Americans are pretty kind already. You can't tell them to bring me my slippers and newspaper, because they *always* do."

And just then, if you'll believe it, Mother heard one of the little Italian girls say the name "Betsey." They were speaking broken English, and Mother could just catch a word now and then.

"Probably it isn't *our* Betsey," thought Mother.

And just then the other girl said "Violet!"

"It *must* be our Betsey, then," thought Mother. So she listened, curiously.

"She's pretty, with da curls," said one.

"She maka da number-work fast, too, Francesca," said the other.

"One day last week, Violet gave me da pencil if I broke mine. But play?—No! Dey play alone. Ah! listen! Here is da music to begin!"

The Italian Opera began. But Mother was thinking of her two Merry Americans at home, with a little worried frown between her eyes. Just as the singer began to sing, Mother's eyes changed, and she smiled to herself. She had a plan. Her eyes rested on the little Italian girl's collar as she listened to the music. Then she smiled again.

FATHER HEARD ABOUT IT THAT NIGHT

The next day was Saturday. Betsey and Violet chanted their lesson as they made their beds. Mother could hear them downstairs.

"I will be kind in all my thoughts, speech and acts. I will not think myself better than any other girl just because I am of a different race or color!"

Mother decided that now was the time for the next-to-the-last Good American lesson.

"Girls!" she called. "When you finish, come down to the front veranda."

THE ITALIAN GIRLS ENTERTAINED THE MERRY AMERICANS

"Our lesson!" exclaimed both Merry Americans together. And they tipped the fat pillows into position, and raced down to the veranda. There sat Mother, hemming a napkin. In her lap was a tissue paper parcel. Both girls eyed the parcel curiously.

"Before your lesson, I want to show you some lace," said Mother. "It's something I've always wanted for my best clothes, and it is Italian point lace." She began to unwrap the parcel. The lace fell out on Mother's dark blue skirt, showing

its pattern. It was made up of tiny squares and wheels, all made of fine thread with the point of a tiny needle.

"I wonder if you girls would be willing to learn how to make it?"

"Of course!" cried the girls. "But who will teach us?"

"Don't you know any Italian girls at school?" asked Mother.

"We don't *know* them, Mother," said Betsey.

"Betsey!" interrupted Violet. "I knew I'd seen that kind of lace before. You know that Italian girl, Francesca? Remember her collar? You know she told Miss Whiting she made it herself?"

"I remember," said Betsey. "Do you think she would be willing to teach us? We never have spoken to her."

"Oh, yes, you have. Once Violet gave Francesca a pencil when hers broke!" said Mother.

Both girls looked at Mother with wide-opened eyes.

"How in the world did you know?" asked Betsey.

So Mother told what she heard in the Opera House. Betsey listened quietly. Then she said, "I didn't think those girls cared about knowing us."

"They evidently do," said Mother. "Ask them here Monday. That will be your Good American lesson."

Betsey and Violet invited the Italian girls together. They first told how they admired the collar. Then they told them how badly Mother wanted some lace like it. Then they told them how they wanted to learn to make it. And *then*, Francesca and Marie offered to teach them at recess.

"Recess is so short," said Betsey. "Couldn't you come up to my house after school?"

That was the beginning. The middle part was this:

Francesca showed the Merry Americans how to make the Florentine lace. Marie played her violin to them, and Francesca sang. All four girls had a "perfectly heavenly" time, as Marie said. They had a dainty little American tea-party in the library, with cool fruit-juices and thin sandwiches. Uncle Tom took them to ride in his gray car.

And this was the end of the story:

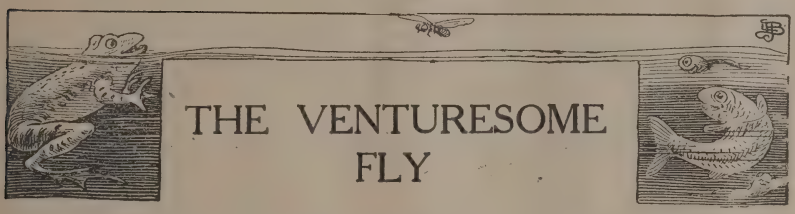
Francesca said to Mrs. Avery, as she went out to the car to go home, "I just hated America till now! Now I love da country! I be gooda American like da *Merry Americans!*"

Father heard about it that night. He had a Merry American on each knee. "You certainly have begun your Ninth Law well," said he. "If you can teach an Italian girl to love this country, that's as good as fighting for it."

Betsey replied, "The best part of it is, they taught us more than we taught them."

And *possibly* Betsey was right. What do you think?

(To be continued)



THE VENTURESOME FLY

A LITTLE fat frog sat on a log,
Singing a song, "Ker-chog-Ker-chog!"
When along came a fly near his very eye,
And he gave a lurch as he passed him by.

The log was wet and 'twas mossy, too,
And off slipped the frog and the water flew;
The bubbles 'rose to the surface, there,
But the little fly didn't seem to care.

He kept looking about for his funny friend;
But a-lack-a-day, it was his end;
For just as he touched the water blue,
The sly little frog said, "Catch-oo-catch-oo!"
And grabbed him up and gobbled him down,
And no little fly went back to town.

Mary Thompson Williamson

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY

BY SOPHIE SWETT

CHAPTER III.—BEE GETS A BARGAIN

THE monkey with the yellow cap took a tiny handkerchief from his jacket-pocket and wiped the tears from his eyes, and with his little, lean, brown paw he threw a kiss to Bee. It was as if he knew that she liked and pitied him.

"Little girl wanta this monk? This better monk!" said the man who led the red-capped monkey by a string. And he made the red-capped monkey show his dancing steps and pretend to play upon a toy violin which he tucked under his chin like an old musician.

But he seemed to be an old and sober-minded monkey, and did his tricks because he was told to do them and not for pure love of fun, like Yellow-Cap.

While everyone was looking at his mate, Yellow-Cap leaped suddenly to the engine of a train of tin cars that stood upon the floor, blew the whistle and started off, screech, screech, clatter, clatter, down the long room.

"He is the monkey I want—the monkey with the yellow cap," said Bee firmly.

"My sister likes a lively monkey," said Billy Boy with a manly air, and as if he didn't care much about monkeys anyway. "And I'm afraid the sober one wouldn't feel at home with us. Anyone will tell you how lively the Browns are!"

"How much for the yellow-capped one?" asked Bee again, anxiously.

"Twenty-five dollars for hurdy-gurdy and monk! Dirt cheap-y!" said the man. And the one freckle on Bee's nose began to look large and yellow, just as it did when once she fainted because Billy Boy cut himself with the scythe. Seven dollars and nineteen cents was all the money there had been in the cod-fish bank which Bee had broken to pieces, and one of the dimes had so large a hole in it that one could not be sure that it would be called good money.

Bee had felt that almost anything in the world could be

BEE COUNTED OUT THE MONEY EAGERLY

bought when one had seven dollars and nineteen cents. She had never had so much money before in her life. Uncle Trefethen Brown had sent her five dollars at Christmas, to spend just as she pleased, and she had put it into the pink and green cod-fish bank which someone had hung for her on the Christmas-tree.

At first it seems a little easier to save money when one can put it into a pink and green cod-fish, but after a while it is no better fun than to put it down the chimney of a little tin house painted red, which was Billy Boy's bank. Bee had put two dollars and nineteen cents into the cod-fish's pink mouth and had then begun to think that she was as rich as anyone needed to be.

It was very sad and surprising to find that a monkey cost so much more than seven dollars and nineteen cents, and it was so great a disappointment that it was no wonder that Bee turned pale.

Billy Boy gave her arm a little pinch and stepped in front of her. "We'll give you three dollars!" he said in a firm voice "*That's business,*" he whispered, aside, to Bee.

The owner of the yellow-capped monkey shook his head with a scornful gesture and the other man laughed.

They talked together for a moment and then one of the men asked how much money the children had.

Billy Boy placed his hand over Bee's plump little purse when she would have opened it and shown her store of money.

"How much-a for hurdy-gurdy and monk?" asked the man, showing the worn and battered organ.

Bee's heart beat hard and fast. To own a monkey and a hurdy-gurdy, too, would be happiness indeed! "Seven dollars and nineteen cents!" she cried in an eager, shrill, little voice.

The two men looked at each other. "Take-a!" cried the yellow-capped monkey's master. "It is to throw them away, but the money I must have him!"

Bee counted out the money eagerly into the man's hand. She said that she wished she had more to pay him, and she was very glad that he said it was no matter about the hole in the dime.

Billy Boy scowled at her, although his face was beaming with delight. "You could have got them for five dollars if you had let me manage," he said. "A girl never has a business bump!"

And Bee was too happy to remind him that their sister Philena had told them that it was never nice to beat people down, or of the time when he had sold his Minorca hen's eggs for twenty-five cents a setting—and a setting was only thirteen!

Billy Boy liked to think that he had a business bump, and it is much pleasanter and kinder not to remind people of their little mistakes.

"We must have a barn show right away, as soon as Polly comes," said Billy Boy.

"No one in Pekoe ever had a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey," said Bee.

"But how shall we get them home?"

"Send for Mr. Pullen, the expressman, to take the hurdy-gurdy, and take the monkey with us," said Billy Boy promptly.

But the clerk thought it would be better to let the expressman take the monkey also, because if they attempted to lead or carry him home a crowd would be likely to follow them.

The clerk kindly offered to telephone to the Pekoe expressman and to take care of the hurdy-gurdy and the monkey until they were called for.

"And now we'll go and get your drum," said Bee, in a happy voice.

Billy Boy started and turned suddenly away from the yellow-capped monkey as if he were ashamed.

The monkey had made the captain of the Pekoe Guards forget that he was to buy a drum for the Company! He straightened himself suddenly.

"I am Captain Billy Boy Brown of the Pekoe Guards and I want to buy a drum," he said to the clerk.

(To be continued)

IF YOU WORK CAREFULLY, YOUR CUT-OUTS WILL LOOK LIKE THESE

SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR SEPTEMBER

FOLDED SURPRISE CUT-OUTS

BY JOSEPHINE H. BAKER

As like as three peas in a pod
Are the pale, proud and prim Misters Dodd,
And their children, so wee,
Look alike, as you see,
Just like sixteen peas in a pod.

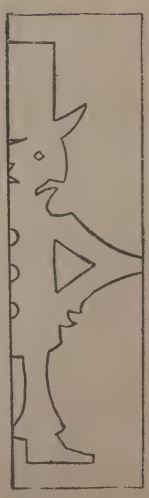
If your scissors are sharp and are small,
And your paper is folded just so,
You will have no trouble at all
To make them yourself, but go slow!

(Something To Do Department continued on page 521)

Fold your paper for many or few,
Trace the pattern and mark it precisely,
Keep the edges all even and true
And cut around all the lines nicely.

We know things worth doing at all
Are always worth being well done,
So let's do our best,
For that is the test,
And the trying is half of the fun!

Even grown-ups you will please
If you take great care with these.
Patterns, too, are fun to plan, dears,
With a little thought, you can, dears.



(Something To Do Department continued on page 524)

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and the
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Then have him send for our catalog. It shows a picture of an **AUTO-WHEEL** wagon just your size. With the catalog we will send our magazine **"THE AUTO-WHEEL SPOKESMAN."** It tells about prize contests you can enter. Just send the names of 3 coaster dealers, telling which ones handle the coaster wagon with the name **"AUTO-WHEEL"** on the sides.

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SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, 0, BOSTON, MASS.

GET THIS BIG REPEATING PISTOL

Looks and loads like a revolver. Shoots 30 loud caps from roll as fast as you pull the trigger. Light; all metal; positive action; self-loading. 250 extra shots with pistol. Given free for selling 30 cards of snap fasteners at 10c a card.

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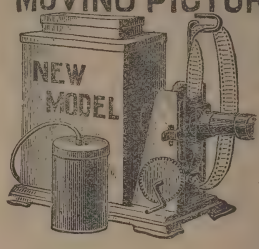
MOVING PICTURE MACHINE FREE



This genuine New Model American made Moving Picture Machine with film—ALL GIVEN for selling 24 pkgs. Bluine at 15c. a pkg. Write for them. We send them postpaid. When sold return $3.60 and we send machine, film and extra premium of set of admission tickets. **BLUINE MFG. CO., 415 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.**

DO YOU WANT THIS SUBMARINE

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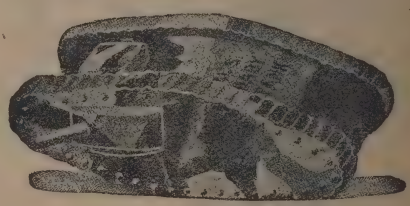

MINIATURE WAR TANK

This is the cutest war toy we have ever seen; a real miniature of a war tank. It's only about two inches long and goes along at a pace corresponding with its size. You make it go by first drawing it backward on a flat surface and then putting it down. It just goes along and looks as if it really had a small engine in it to make it go.

Two given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price 30c. each, or two for 50c.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS

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BLUINE MANUFACTURING CO., 494 Mill Street, CONCORD JUNCTION, MASS.

LITTLE FOLKS FASHION SERVICE

NO. 8839. GIRLS' DRESS. The front closing, from neck to hem, makes it easy to launder. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 4 requires 1 3-4 yards material with 3-8 yard contrasting.

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NO. 9357. BOYS' SUIT. Contrasting materials are used in this wash suit. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 3-4 yards 36-inch white with 3-8 yard.

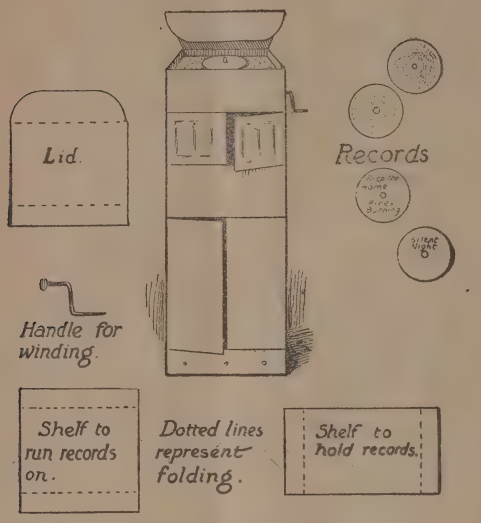
NO. 9641. BOYS' ETON SUIT. This very popular style features straight trousers and a jacket with sleeves. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 3-8 yards 36-inch material with 1 1-2 yards white.

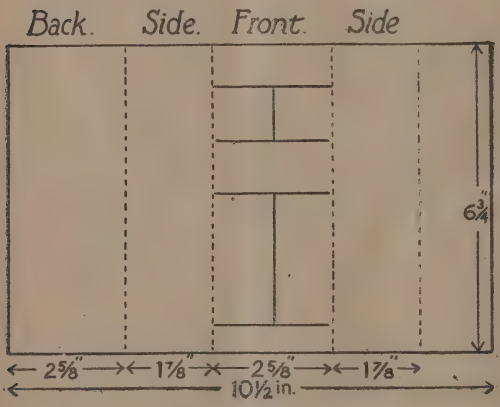
Patterns, 12c. each. Fashion Magazine sent for 5c. or for 3c. if ordered with pattern.

Send all orders to Pattern Dept., LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.

Things Other Boys and Girls Have Made

A DOLL'S VICTROLA





Take a piece of cardboard 6¾ inches high by 10 1-2 inches wide. Measure off 2 5-8 inches on the width of cardboard, and draw a line. Then hold your ruler down tight and bend your cardboard up. This makes the back of the victrola. Then measure 1 7-8 inches for one side, draw line and bend up on line as before. Measure 2 5-8 inches again for front of victrola and bend that, and then 1 7-8 inches for the other side. What is left you can fold inside of the back to make it stronger, and also to run paper clips through to hold victrola together. Before you put the victrola together, lay it out flat on the table and mark and cut out the doors on the front. Draw a line 1 inch from the top, and another line 1 1-8 inches below that. Cut across these lines and divide it into two sections in the center for the sound doors. Now leave a space of 1 1-8 inches, and draw another line. 2 3-8 inches below that one, draw another, and cut as before. These are the record doors. With dark brown crayon color the cardboard inside and out, except the sound doors. Make those brown and green. Make a shelf for the records by bending a piece of card-board at each end just as wide as the victrola, and fasten it in with tiny nails. In the top of the victrola put a piece of cardboard colored green to run the records on, and fasten that in with nails. The lid has to be fastened in as you put the victrola together. The key to wind is a bent nail. The records are 1 1-8 inches in diameter. Start in the center of each with a pencil and go round and round to make grooves. Print the name of the music on the back of each record. Make a hole through the center of each record with a nail and run this nail through the hole in the green board in the top of the victrola. Turn the key to wind it up. And then, how my dolls like the music! I hope some other girl will like my victrola.

Ruth Cronkhite.

A BASKET AND A PICTURE FRAME

Here are directions for making a basket and a picture frame that you can use in your doll's house.

To make the frame: Choose a square piece of paper and fold it once each way to make another square. Unfold, and you will have the middle point of the first square. Bring each corner to the center; crease. Then fold each corner back to the edge, and crease again. I cut a picture out of a magazine to fit my frame, and paste it in. Then I paste down the top of the frame from the edge to the turn-back crease. I paint a border around the four little corners of the frame, and color the picture inside.

To make the basket: Take a square piece of paper, bring each corner to the center and crease along the edges. Turn over. Repeat. Bring the four corners down so it will stand. Cut a narrow strip of paper and paste underneath two opposite corners for a handle. Color in any way you like with water colors or crayons.

Violet Johnson.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 526)

THIS QUEEN MODELING BOX

Contains four large cakes of colored Plasteline—the modeling clay that never gets hard, a modeling tool, board, directions for use and lessons in modeling, which show you some things you can model. Modeling is fine rainy-day fun, and Plasteline is never crumbly or mussy, so that Mother would object to your playing with it.

Show Little Folks to your friends and tell them the regular price is $1.50 a year, but they can have it four months for 25c. if they have never taken it before. Write out the names and addresses of six such friends, and have them pay you 25c. each. You send $1.50 to us with the names and addresses and we will send you a Queen Modeling Box.

(*Use a sheet of paper for extra names and addresses.*)

This Coupon Saves You 25 Cents

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 25 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

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THIS DANDY PAINT BOX

Contains 22 colors in paints and crayons: 8 boxes of water-colors, 1 tray of water-colors, 6 crayons and a paint brush, all put up in a beautiful, strong box with a hinged cover. With this box you can color all the pictures in Little Folks and The Children's Magazine, as there is plenty of paint and a large variety of colors.

Show Little Folks to your friends and tell them the regular price is $1.50 a year, but they can have it four months for 25c. if they have never taken it before. Write out the names and addresses of six such friends, and have them pay you 25c. each. You send $1.50 to us with the names and addresses and we will send you a Dandy Paint Box.

(*Use a sheet of paper for extra names and addresses.*)

This Coupon Saves You 25 Cents

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 25 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

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LOTS OF SPENDING MONEY FOR YOU

If you will use your spare time selling snap fasteners for us. We will allow you forty cents on every dollar's worth you sell. These are superior fasteners. Sells easily at 10c. a card. Every woman uses them. *Write to-day.*

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, 0, BOSTON, MASS.

Real Mattress Cleanliness

BED ticking is a sieve-like fabric which allows foreign matter to filter through and to become a fixture in the mattress. Re-covering such bedding is an uncleanly makeshift which merely does away with part of the trouble.

What is needed is an antiseptic washable

QUILTED MATTRESS PROTECTOR

which really solves the vexing problem

It fully protects the mattress and adds to its life.

Excelsior Quilted Mattress Protectors are made of two pieces of heavy bleached white muslin, both sides quilted with dainty snow-white wadding of the best grade between. Soft, springy, sanitary.

Wash easily without losing their light, fluffy texture.

Made in All Sizes

Look for the trade mark—Avoid substitutes

EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO., 15 Laight St., N. Y. City

SOMETHING FOR THEM TO MAKE

THE Playroom Cooks put on their big aprons and hurried to get out the supplies that Mother had listed for them on slips of paper. Ruth's read: *butter, sugar, milk, soda, salt, egg, flour and vanilla.* And Janie's read: *saucepan, measuring cup, tablespoon, teaspoon, wooden spoon, spatula, mixing bowls, shallow baking tins, flour sifter, flour board, rolling pin, egg-beater and cooky cutter.*

"Supplies first," said Mother," and then the work goes off faster, for you have everything you need at hand. First of all, Janie may measure 3 tbsp. butter and melt it in a saucepan on the stove. Ruth, put ¾ cup sugar in a mixing bowl, add the melting butter and rub them well together with the wooden spoon."

"And now?" asked Janie.

"You may add ½ tsp. vanilla extract, and while you are doing that, Ruth may break an egg into another bowl and beat it with the egg-beater until it is quite light. Then you may add this to the butter and sugar, and beat it all together with a spoon."

"What shall we do now?" asked the Cooks.

"Before we go on, get your board and rolling pin ready, butter your baking tins and see that your oven is hot. Then dissolve ¼ tsp. cooking soda in 1 tbsp. hot water. Ruth may do that while Janie is sifting some flour. When you have your flour sifted, Janie, measure 1 ½ cups into a bowl. Add ¼ tsp. salt and sift this again.

"Now, Ruth, bring over your dissolved soda, add to it 6 tsp. rich milk, and add all this liquid mixture to the sugar, butter, vanilla and egg mixture in the first bowl. At the same time, add the flour, Janie. You can take turns putting in your two mixtures, a little of each at a time, and while one is adding, the other must mix well, so that the whole mixture will not be lumpy.

"Next, sift a little flour onto your board and rolling pin, so that the dough will not stick to them, and turn the dough onto the board. Then you can take turns rolling until the dough is less that ½ inch thick. Always roll away from yourself. The next thing is to cut out the sheet of dough with a cooky cutter, and when the cookies are all cut, lift them with the spatula and put them into the buttered tins, so they will not touch each other.

"And then?"

"Then bake them in a hot oven until they are a little brown, about fifteen minutes. Try them with a clean straw, just as you did the custards you once made. When they are done, turn them out on a plate to cool."

And when Mother ate one of the delicious cookies, she said, "I'm so proud of my little cooks and their Playroom Cookies that I don't know what to do. It just doesn't seem true that almost a year ago they were just learning to boil eggs, now does it?"

IF YOU HAVE A PARROT

THERE are a great many kinds of parrots, and if you are going to buy one you will have a large choice. But there are two things to remember when you make your choice: to buy from a reliable dealer who will not sell you a useless bird, and to choose a young parrot, because an old one will not learn to speak well if he does at all.

Get your cage ready before the bird comes. A large parrot or a macaw may be chained to a perch and not confined to a cage at all. At any rate allow your parrot a cage big enough to stretch his wings and move about freely in. A baby parrot should have cornmeal in the bottom of his cage, but an older bird needs grit and gravel. A little glass or porcelain food dish should be fastened to the inside of the cage.

The cage is usually of metal and the floor is removable and should be raked every day. Two or three times a week you must scrub the cage and the perches.

A parrot likes to leave his cage once in a while, but it is better not to give him his airing out-doors. If he flies around the room, he can be coaxed back to his cage easily by letting him out near feeding time and offering him food.

Be careful not to frighten your parrot, for a frightened parrot is difficult to teach to talk.

Baby parrots should have salted cornmeal mush to eat, and they should feed from a spoon. Sometimes they may be fed crackers or toast soaked in coffee, boiled milk or boiled water. Give them mixed parrot feed to pick at, and when they can break that up and eat it, it is time to stop the soft food, for a grown parrot doesn't need it, unless he is sick. Don't give a baby parrot water, or a grown one if he has come from a long distance. The change in water is apt to make him sick. Two weeks after he arrives give him a little boiled water in which oatmeal has been cooked. Cool it, of course. Then try him with a few teaspoonfuls of cool boiled water during the day. If it agrees with him, you may finally leave a dish of water in his cage. The soft food a baby parrot has supplies enough moisture.

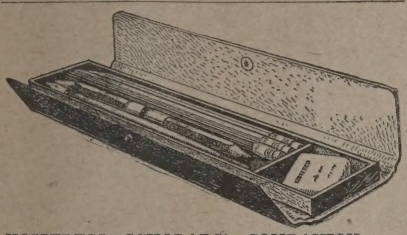
Other things a parrot should have are sunflower seeds, with an occasional treat of hemp, unshelled rice and cracked corn; peanuts, almonds, beechnuts and pecans; ripe apples or bananas two or three times a week; most kinds of vegetables, particularly carrots and pepper pods; cayenne pepper on his food; crushed oyster shell, chalk and plaster, and powdered charcoal with his food once in a while to keep him well; cuttlefish in his cage.

Give your parrot all the food he wants, but no sweets or bits from the table. Keep him hot and dry, and give him a bath with a hand spray once in a while. He loves it. If he stays in a colder room at night than by day, wrap a piece of canton flannel around his cage.

KNIVES AND STATIONERY SETS FOR SCHOOL OR HOME

This **FOUNTAIN PEN** is made of glossy black hard rubber, has a gold-tipped writing pen and writes freely and smoothly. It is a handy thing for school or home use. Any child will enjoy owning this pen.

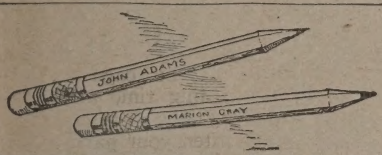
Given for one new yearly subscription to Little Folks (not your own) postpaid. cash price 60c.



NOISELESS SCHOLARS' COMPANION

This is a neat, compact companion with several pencils of fine quality, pen and penholder, and one Van Dyke eraser. The case is made of imitation grained leather, and closes with a snap clasp that is noiseless. If you own one of these companions, you will be envied by every child in school.

Given for one new yearly subscription to Little Folks (not your own) postpaid. cash price 50 cents.



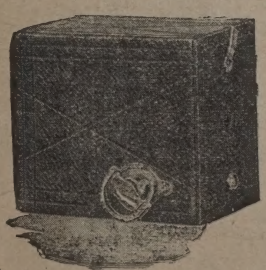
INDIVIDUAL PENCILS. These pencils have your own name printed on them so you will not lose them. They are excellent grade octagon pencils and come six in a box, each bearing your name in gold letters. Each pencil has an eraser.

Given for two new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price 75c.

LADIES' PENKNIFE. A darling knife for a lady's desk, or a child. It is made of fine quality steel and will take a good keen edge. This beautiful knife has a large blade and a small blade.

Given for two new yearly subscriptions (not your own) o LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 95c.

PREMO CAMERA NO. 00. AND FILM



This camera takes a picture 1¼ x 1¾ inches. It is equipped with a roll film containing six exposures. This is the very newest thing in cameras and is made by the Eastman Kodak Company. Takes both time and snap exposures and makes fine pictures both of people and landscapes. May be operated by old or young with good results. Has a fine meniscus lens.

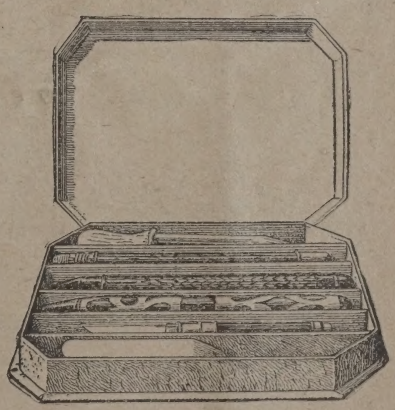
Given for three new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, $1.40.

THE "SO HANDY Pocket Knife and Tool Kit. A complete, compact kit for boys. It weighs but 5 ounces, and can be easily carried in the pocket. A practical, serviceable outfit for all kinds of "odd jobs." Nothing could be more convenient in the office, store, home, or on an outing. This outfit comprises a splendid Jack Knife with coco handle and an exceptionally good blade, and the following tools which can be attached instantly to the knife handle: File, chisel, reamer, screw driver, bottle opener, gimlet and rule.

Given for three new yearly subsciptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash pice $1.35.

The EAGLE COMPANION is made of heavy, cloth-covered pasteboard, finished in bright and attractive colors. The contents are very complete. There is a collapsible drinking cup, several excellent pencils, adjustable lead pencil with box of extra leads, etc. Everything in the Eagle is first class, and will suit anybody.

Given for two new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, $1.00.



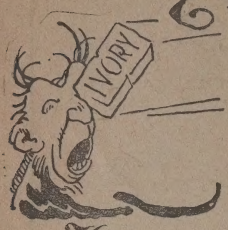
OCTAGON WRITING CABINET

This very high grade cabinet contains writing utensils that every child will be delighted to own and enjoy using. This beautifully finished cabinet of superior desk essentials contains fountain pen with 14k gold pen, gold bands and safety clip, a novelty pencil, an economy pencil holder, a magic knife, etc. Every child should own one.

Given for four new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid, Cash price, $1.75

LITTLE FOLKS, SALEM, MASS.,—Better Toys By Mail

"AD"VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES



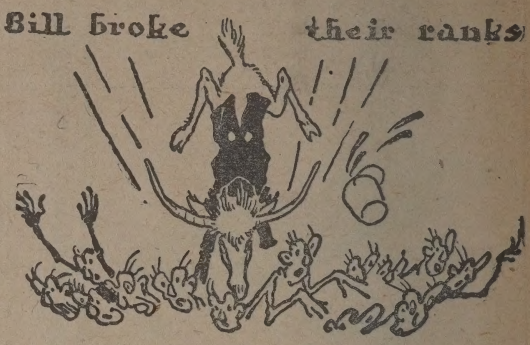
The Don't Care Clan
Part 2
Chapter VIII

THEN there arose from bush and brake—(where pleasant sounds belong), a "Don't Care Discord," much misnamed "The Don't Care Battle Song." As it arose ear-splittingly the Don't Cares wildly sprang from cover in the bosky shades and *this* is what they sang,

We like to fuss and make a muss;
We like to splash and sputter.
We love to be and love to see
Ourselves and things a-clutter.

CHORUS—Musty-dusty-fuss-disgusty
Don't Care Clan are we.

Oh, what a horrid lot were they, with faces soiled and streaked! And what was worse, the hinges of their very *natures* squeaked. They all had buckets full of mud and sticks to stir the mud up. This was *too* much for Billy Goat, it got his fighting blood up. The bristles rose high on his spine, his whiskers cracked and fluttered with indignation, pent up butts, and bursting scorn unuttered.



Pete Pig and Gnif and Master Bob and Betty stood their ground as all the Don't Cares like a swarm of hornets raged around. "CHARGE!" shouted Gnif. And so they *did*— Each hero charged with hope as well as sponges, mops and *lots* of pearly IVORY SOAP. Bill Goat was good as cavalry; such might that goat revealed that he looked like *five hundred* goats upon one battlefield. The Don't Cares fought with savage rage and tried in vain to crush that dauntless hero's baleful butts and stop his ruthless rush. Bill broke their ranks. Down swept Pete Pig, and all our IVORY crew who fought for right and cleanliness as heroes always do. The Don't Cares hurled their mud and grime, but how could evil cope with any might so pure and white as pearly IVORY SOAP?

Resistless was our fearless band, with IVORY SOAP and water. In three shakes of a lambkin's tail the Don't Cares cried for quarter. But "quarter" was *three* quarters less than all the Don't Cares got, for our staunch heroes *washed them out*, removing every spot. No more the land was harried by an evil such as they, and peace and hope and cleanliness were clear and plain as day. As Billy Goat said solemnly,—"Life may be sweet and fair if we use IVORY SOAP to cleanse our homes of I DON'T CARE."

So ends another chapter which
Must surely give us hope
For all that's sweet and clean in life
When we use IVORY SOAP.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS · EST. 1837 ·

IVORY IT FLOATS IVORY SOAP 99 44/100% PURE

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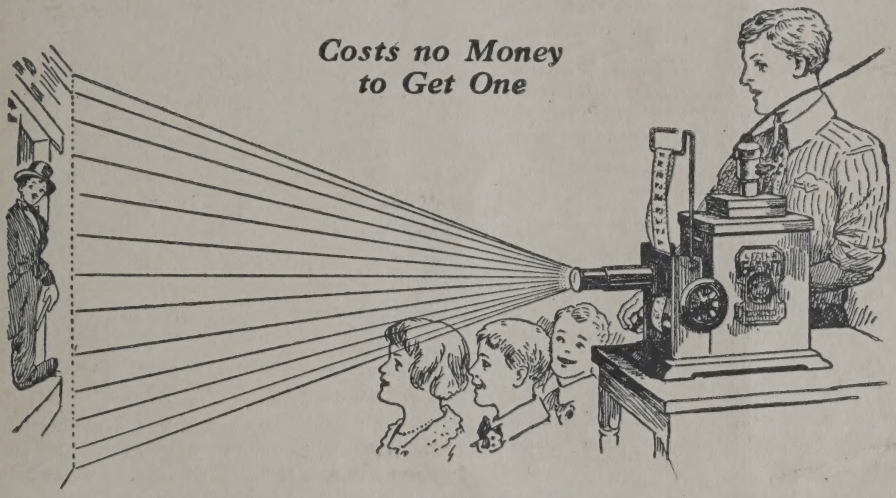
Get This Movie Machine!

Give Real Shows Yourself

Any boy or girl can give real moving picture shows, just like those at the real theatres, right at home.

Costs no Money to Get One



Everything with it for a real show—full instructions, tickets, show-bills, and three real moving picture films, each 10 feet long, exactly like those used in all the moving picture theatres. Machine is made entirely of metal. Films show such subjects as Charlie Chaplin, "Fatty" Arbuckle, Mutt and Jeff, etc. Also shows Magic Lantern slides with beautiful colored pictures. No gas needed; attach to ordinary electric light socket, to run. This is a well made machine, is entirely of metal, and comes ready to operate. There is no complicated mechanism. A boy or girl can run it with absolute safety and no trouble as there is nothing to burn or explode. Any white sheet or plain wall serves as a screen for the pictures, which can be made to vary in size from three feet in diameter to a rectangular picture 7 by 5 feet.

Supply Limited—Get Yours NOW

by securing 7 new yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE at $1.50 or 14 new yearly subscriptions to THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE at 75c. **Cash price $5.00.** Extra 10-foot reels, 3 for $1.00

Send All Orders to

S. E. CASSINO CO. **SALEM, MASS.**

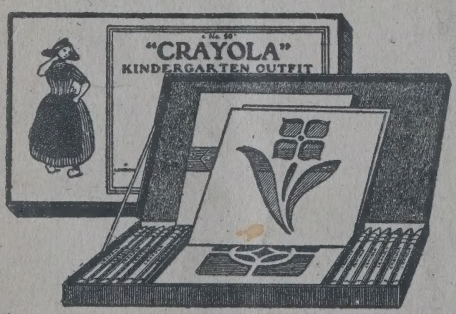
PETER, PETER, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And there he kept her very well.

CRAYOLA

Drawing Crayon for Little Folks

"CRAYOLA!" That's the name to use when buying drawing crayons for your little folks. CRAYOLA is made in twenty-four permanent, brilliant colors that will not smear or run.

These colors can be worked, one over the other, so that any effect can be produced. They completely eliminate the untidiness which is likely to accompany the use of watercolors by children.



No. 50 "CRAYOLA" KINDERGARTEN SET, shown above, is a pleasing gift for little folks and also admirably adapted for use by grown-ups in stenceling on fabrics. This outfit contains twelve assorted colors — paper-wrapped crayons six inches long, one outline drawing book and three art stencils, all in a serviceable box, 10¾"x6¼", with hinged cover.

Your Stationer Sells CRAYOLA!

No. 8 CRAYOLA, shown above, to the left, contains eight colors — paper-wrapped crayons, 3⅝" long, and is a very popular assortment for children who are just beginning to develop interest in drawing in colors.

No 24 "RUBENS" CRAYOLA, shown above, to the right, contains twenty-four assorted colors in the patent shoulder box. Made by an improved French process. These crayons are especially adapted to stenceling.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.

81 Fulton St., New York City